

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, JANUARY 20, 1796.

[No. 29.]

ALLEGORIES.

THE world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing. Wars are the storms which agitate and toss it into fury and faction. The tongues of its enraged inhabitants are then as the noise of many waters. Peace is the calm which succeeds the tempest, and hushes the billows of interest and passion to rest. Prosperity is the sun whose beams produce plenty and comfort. Adversity is a portentous cloud impregnated with discontent, and often bursts in a torrent of desolation and destruction.

II. Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the noblest science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind.

Melancholy is the *North Pole*.

Envy the *South*

Choler the *Torrid Zone*.

Ambition the *Zodiac*.

Joy the *Ecliptic Line*.

Justice the *Equinoxial*.

Prudence and temperance the *Arctic and Antarctic Circles*.

Patience and Fortitude the *Tropics*.

III. Human destiny is a nut, of which life is the shell, and reputation the kernel. Crack it gently, and you enjoy its whole value entire and at once. But open it roughly, and ten to one you break the shell or bruise the kernel, or reduce the whole into one useless compound.

IV. The mind is a garden where all manner of seeds are sown.

Prosperities are *fine painted tulips*.

Innocency *white lilies*.

The virtues *sweet gilliflowers, roses, violets, and primroses*.

Learning *savory herbage*.

Affliction *rue, wormwood, and rhubarb*.

Pride, ambition, extortion, *nightshade and hellebore*.

Stupidity, *poppy*.

Sloth and ignorance, *briars, and thistles*.

V. Justice should be a man's *governor*.

Temperance his *friend*.

Prudence his *counsellor*.

Fortitude his *champion*.

Hope his *food*.

Charity his *house*.

Faith or sincerity his *porter*.

Wit his *companion*.

Love his *bedfellow*.

Patience his *mistress*.

Reason his *secretary*.

Judgment his *steward*.

OF FRUGALITY AND EXPENCES.

BALANCE your expences by the just weight of your own estate, and not by the poise of another's spending.

It is a good advice of the philosopher, measure the stone by your rule, and not your rule by the stone.

Certain young men, being reproved by *Zeno* for their prodigality, excused themselves, saying, "They had plenty enough, out of which they did it."—"Will you excuse a Cook," said he "that should over-salt his meat, because he had store of salt?"

A good layer up, makes a good layer out, and a good sparer makes a good spender.

Diogenes asked of a thrifty man but a halfpenny; of a prodigal a pound. The former, he said, might give him often, but the latter would shortly have nothing to give.

At the first entrance into your Estate, keep a low sail; you may rise with honour, but you cannot decline without shame.

Some young gentlemen think it good policy to wear their lands upon their backs, to see no waste be done by their tenants.

I have seen some persons, who had great estates left them, break their fasts in plenty, dine in poverty, and sup in infamy.

That which by sparing is saved, may with industry be improved; and what is so improved may be again spared: Frugality alone is but simple getting, but joined to industry is double.

Get all you can honestly: save all you can with a good conscience; and give all you can with a willing mind.

God loveth the chearful giver.

HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

(Continued from Page 219.)

AS Leonora now wished nothing more than to encounter her, she went early in the morning, wrapt up in her veil, to wait the hour of Thamar's going, according to her custom, to the Princess of Achon. Thus both of them equally impatient of entertaining each other, were not long e'er they met; and reciprocally advancing, stood when they approached more near, examining, as it were, each other, without speaking. Leonora was the first that broke silence; "I have taken notice," said she, "that you have several times testified a desire to speak to me—I either greatly deceive myself, or you think I may be useful in something." "Yes Leonora," said Thamar, without any hesitation, "you are extremely necessary to me, to prove to the Vice-Queen that I am not more devoted to her than yourself: I love her person, I pity her misfortunes, I admire her virtue; I serve Xerina, but with regret; I see her amours with horror, and how dangerous soever it may be to me to indulge these sentiments, I cannot think I hazard anything in revealing them to you, whose own interest it is to conceal them: I would serve Elvira in every thing in my power; but how can I do it, while she keeps me in ignorance of every thing that passes in her heart? And how can I be informed, when she puts no confidence in my words? 'Tis your part then, prudent Leonora, to convince her of my zeal; let me give her, at least, the consolation of hearing from you, under your own hand—write to her, and suffer me to deliver to her your letter, you shall find I will bring you her answer with the utmost punctuality; and this may assure both the one and the other of you, how much you may depend on the integrity of the slave Thamar." "You are very pressing," replied Leonora, "but whether you are sincere or not, I risque nothing in agreeing to your demand; since it is natural for me to make known to her whom I have nursed, the grief I am in at being separated from her, nor can they do any thing more to me than they have already done: but if I write," continued she, "where shall I find you to give you my letter."

Thamar paused a little before she answered, and then looked on her with an air of satisfaction, at the expedient she had found. "Go," said she, "and enquire for a certain Jew named Isaac, no man is more known at Goa, give him your letters, I will take care to prepare him for receiving any thing that shall be left for me; and it will be a way the most safe and secret we can take. Adieu," continued she, "a long conversation may render us suspected; depend upon me." With these words she turned away, and left Leonora thoroughly persuaded of her fidelity, and charmed that it was the Jew Isaac she had pitched upon for the confidant of this innocent correspondence; as she knew he was not then at home, she returned to her own lodging, to write to Donna Elvira, that she might carry the letter with

her when he should come back from presenting the pretended slaves to the princess of Achon.

Thamar went directly to the palace, where she found Isaac with Don Sebastian and Alvarez, attending her coming, in order to introduce them to Xerina; this amiable maid could not behold the supposed negroes without admiration, and having examined them with the utmost attention, "those are two beautiful Moors," said she to the Jew, in a low voice, "how long have you had them, and to what end have you brought them hither?" Isaac, who was willing to begin by gaining Thamar, replied to her with an air of confidence, "they are yet more perfect than you think them, beautiful Thamar; they play admirably on all sorts of instruments, and the youngest of them has a singular art in making sherbet and chocolate: as I knew the delicacy of the princess in these things, I came with a design to entreat her acceptance of them, demanding no other recompence for the present I make her, than that she will use her interest with the vice-roy, for my protection in the commerce I shall make at Goa." "You ask very little, said she, smiling, for so extraordinary a gift, and I believe you have no occasion for my recommendation in this affair, the air of your slaves speaks for them; but if you have any need of me at any time, you must do me a piece of service, which I will take care to requite; I have a correspondence with a person, which I would have remain a secret: I have therefore, ordered letters to be left for me at your house, oblige me to take care of them, as also any I shall leave with you, till called for; you are enough accustomed to these sort of employments, not to think it strange a person of my age should have some adventures which it is proper to conceal." Isaac assured her of his diligence, and thought this request a happiness for the two feigned slaves, as his complying with it would assure them of good treatment from her. He had no sooner sworn to perform, with the utmost integrity, what she desired, than the Princess's door opened, and Thamar went in alone; and after having feasted her malice and cruelty with the pretended persecutions she gave Elvira, she told her of the present Isaac was waiting to make her Highness.

This cruel Princess, who was for turning every thing to the satisfaction of her love and jealousy, presently imagined these new slaves might be useful to her designs, and commanded they should be brought in. She waited not for the Jew to give her a detail of their good qualities; their beauty, fine shape, and that air of grandeur and fierceness which sparkled in Sebastian's eyes, pleased her so much that she appropriated them, before Isaac had time to offer them. However, he made his compliment, and Xerina having thanked him, ordered them to remain in her service.

Thus was Don Sebastian in the Palace of the Princess of Achon; and the business appointed for him, was chiefly to make chocolate and sherbet. Isaac took his leave of them, having given what instructions he thought necessary for the gaining Thamar. But these lessons were altogether needless, a master more learned than he, had already inspired Alvarez with the desire

and art of pleasing that beautiful slave, the first moment he beheld her, his heart became entirely devoted to her: and love, which has the same effect on inferior persons as on the great, made him feel, for her, the ardency of the same fires with which his master burned for the incomparable Elvira; and, by the invincible effects of sympathy, Thamar had also for him sentiments not very different from his, though modesty and prudence made her restrain them from arriving to too high a pitch, till she should be more acquainted how worthy he was of them; besides in spite of all the attractions she found in him, his colour was a little shocking to her thoughts; however, the force of her destiny overbore his natural aversion. Don Sebastian behaved to her with the greatest complaisance, and entreated she would favour him so far as to inform him what things, in his power to perform, would be most agreeable to the princess; she promised him to do so, but quitting him as soon as possible, she returned to the apartment of the vice-queen, where, after she had told her of the conversation she had held with Leonora, and that she had settled a correspondence, so that they might hear news of each other every day, "see madam, said she, the measures I take to prove myself worthy of your confidence; and if I could do much more, though at the hazard of my life, for the ease of yours, I would with the same readiness, undertake it."

Donna Elvira now no longer struggled with the inclination she had to believe her; and the next day having received the letter from Leonora, and given Thamar another in answer to it, hesitated not if she should confess to her that she was as sensible as she could wish of her zeal and sincerity; and began to take for her so tender a friendship, that she permitted her to read the contents of all the letters that henceforth passed between her and her nurse, and, at last, trusted her with the full retital of her life and misfortunes. The tender hearted Thamar could not hear her, without bursting into a torrent of tears; and this compassion rendered her so dear to the Vice-Queen, that she never after made any scruple of revealing to her the most secret thoughts and wishes of her soul.

This amiable slave, who earnestly desired to become a christian, and doubted not, but when the news of Elvira's ill treatment should reach Lisbon, her family would use every effort to deliver her from that dreadful state, entreated her promise that she might be permitted to follow her, if ever she quitted Goa. Donna Elvira was highly charmed with the pious disposition of the maid, and assured her, that if Heaven was pleased to send her once more to Portugal, she would not go without her; "though," said she, "I see as yet no reason to hope there ever will be an end of my misfortunes."

Leonora wrote every day to the Vice-Queen, and received her answers exactly by the Jew; but as Don Sebastian had expressly forbid any mention of him, she obeyed his orders, well knowing the nicety of Elvira's virtue, and that she would rather chuse to suffer every thing from the cruelty of her enemies, than be relieved by a man who was known to have loved her, and whom she still in secret could not help loving.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACT.

To listen to the tale of calamity, and hearken to the story of misfortune, is a pleasing amusement, and delicate entertainment, to the mind of the benevolent and humane; which participates much in the alternate sensations of sympathetic sorrow and joy. The honest sensibility of the good man weeps in the poignancy of affliction, upon a recital of scenes of virtuous distress, from the mouth of the forlorn victims of sorrow and wretchedness; and while his noble cheek is moistened with a feeling conviction of another's woe, his heart is consoled and lighted up into cheerfulness, by the paternal and god-like suggestions of humanity—that it is his happy lot to possess the power of pouring the oil of consolation into the broken hearts of despair—of feeding the hungry with the bread of hospitality—of cloathing the naked, and wiping the trembling tear of affliction from the eye of those who have neither friends nor home! To give relief to the real sons and daughters of distress, which all may, but few do feel or know, is one of those delicately refined dispositions of virtue, which cannot be derived from any less pure source, than that whence every human and divine good dates its origin; and ought to be placed among the first of those attributes given by God to man. How sweet are those emotions which involuntarily arise in the mind of him, whose hospitable roof is warmed with the social fire of humanity; who spreads the courteous board with the good things of this life; bids welcome the orphan and forlorn; who cheers the heart of him whose trembling feet are worn in measuring the wide uncharitable path of the world, whose limbs are palsied with cold, and whose teeth chatter with hunger and want! How happy must this son of humanity feel, in seeing the dissipating tear of sorrow succeeded by the dawning rays of joy! How grateful must he feel to his God, for having endued him with a soul susceptible of such highly virtuous dispositions! How sweet must that felicity be, and how lasting that pleasure, which ever results from the practice of humane and virtuous intentions, and an exemplary attachment to acts of virtue! O Man! The field of human happiness is as variegated as unbounded. Sources of social and moral good, by attention and perseverance, may be found, which will give thee felicity and repose. Listen to the dictates of humanity, which rich in its productions, will give thee these blessings which but few either possess or know. Examine its theory, cultivate its sentiments, practice in proportion to thy knowledge, and thou wilt be happy.

ANECDOTE.

A wag, some time ago, in London, advertised a carriage without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious in mechanics to see it. Many of the members of the society of arts attended, and in the ardor of expectation were shown a WHEELBARROW.

For the New-York Weekly Magazine.

WILLIAM:—OR, THE UNFORTUNATE.

[Being the CONCLUSION of the FRAGMENT, entitled,
"THE DYING PARENT."]

Ah me! when sinks the heart by griefs depress,
And Hope denies her balmy soothing sweet,
And busy Memory wrings the bleeding breast;
Then, surely then is wretchedness complete.

MRS. FAUCERES.

A Few days after this he waited on me. He looked somewhat better than when I last saw him; and by my request, related his sorrowful history as follows:

My name is William S——. I was the delight of my parents, who are rich. I had one brother—that brother has been the cause of all my misfortunes. But to proceed. When I was at the age of sixteen, a house near us, happened by some means to be on fire. We were alarmed; it was late in the evening. My brother and myself ran in order to help the unhappy sufferers. It was at the risque of my life that I entered. The family were asleep. In the first room I came to, I saw a beautiful young woman. I awaked her. She was much terrified, hastily wrapped herself in the coverlid, and I helped her out. My brother was still standing at the door. I consigned her to his care to conduct her to my father's, while I went to relieve her parents, who, she said, were asleep in the story above. I endeavoured to go up the stair-case, but it was all on fire. I hollowed. A dreadful groan, which seemed to proceed from an almost lifeless person, was the only answer I received.

I again endeavoured to force my way up, and after running into great danger effected it. But what did I behold—in the first room a man lay dead, I could see no other person there, and concluded that the woman had escaped. I searched another room, where the fire had but just entered. I there found the young woman's mother, who had attempted to go down stairs, and finding it impossible, had gone back. She was lying on the floor, but there not appearing any marks of fire about her I thought she might be in a fainting fit. I had some hartshorn drops in my pocket, and I applied them so effectually that she soon opened her eyes. I entreated her to fly. She replied, "I have a daughter somewhere in the house, go, save her." I told her that was already done, and urged her to make haste, as the flames were then spreading round the apartment. I led her out—but Oh! I saw no means of escaping, the way that I came before was now on fire. We were near the front of the house. I opened a window, and called to the people without to put up a ladder quickly, or we should be burnt up. A ladder was soon procured, and raised up to the window. I then turned round in order to help her out. I could see her not. I called, but received no answer. I ventured back to the room where I first saw her—she was not there.

My own safety depended on my immediate flight; I ran again to the window—the ladder was gone—the flames were just behind me. I threw myself out.

The fall deprived me of my senses, which I did not recover till next day. The first person I saw was the young woman I had rescued from the fire. I knew her immediately and was smitten with her beauty.

I conceived a sincere esteem for Anna, (which was the young woman's name), and had the satisfaction to perceive I was not slighted by her. My brother had professed himself her admirer. But she did not countenance him. He soon found out that we loved each other, and determined to be revenged on us. Anna, was, through his means, ordered to depart the house, she told me that my father had given orders for her to remove. I gave her what money I had, which she received with tears. I hired lodgings for her, and as my father would not consent to our union, I married without his knowledge. My brother soon discovered it, and informed my father of my disobedience.

I was with my Anna one evening, when a letter was delivered me, which the bearer said, required no answer, I opened it with a trembling hand, for by the address, I perceived it was my father's writing. It contained only the following words:

"SIR,

"As I am informed you have acted contrary to my will, in marrying Anna, I command you never more to appear before me.

SAMUEL S——."

Anna saw my emotion in reading these lines, and asked me if any thing particular had occurred. I put the letter into her hand. She read it with tears, and said, she was extremely sorry that she was the cause of my losing my father's favour. But I soon stopped her, with saying, that that expression made her doubly dear to me.

We parted with our lodgings and hired less expensive ones, and for the first time I worked as a labourer. With the scanty pittance I received, we still made out to live. Eliza was born about a year after. She is the very picture of her mother. Anna instructed her. We continued in this way for near eight years, when it pleased Heaven to confine me by sickness. We had scarcely any thing to subsist on. Anna was also taken very ill. It seemed as if it were predetermined we should be miserable.

The day before my Anna died, I heard that my brother was no more. I had not seen my father since he forbade me his presence, and as I was just able to walk, I determined to visit him. I arrived, he was then absent. I waited his return; he came. "Oh my son," said he, "come to these arms which have not entwined thee this many a day. I this morning have endeavoured to find you out, but without effect, and concluded that you had sunk under your misfortunes, by the cruelty of a parent, and that I was no longer a father. But Heaven be praised that I once more have the pleasure of seeing you."

I informed my father of the distressed situation of my wife and child. A servant was instantly dispatched with necessaries for them, and my father would not let me leave him that day. The servant that had been sent to my Anna, had mistaken his way and could not find where she lived. Still my father insisted on my staying with him till next day. The day came, and I beheld my Anna, a lifeless corpse. You, Sir, were then there.

The remains of my beloved partner in affliction were brought to my father's, and interred from thence. He is fully convinced of my brother's perfidious conduct, and loves my little Eliza as if she were his own child. The only thing that mars my happiness is the loss of my Anna.

L. B.

New-York, January 19, 1796.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 222.)

THE Countess met us at the entrance of her room with the prayer to excuse the abrupt and pressing manner of her invitation. "In addition to the desire," she added, addressing my tutor, "to be acquainted with the friend of so excellent a young man, I have been urged to this step by the distressing situation of my heart, which I can reveal to none but you."

"I wish, my Lady," said I, a little forward, "that I were so happy"—(here my tutor gave me a look which suddenly cut the thread of my harangue asunder, and I found it utterly impossible to go on.)

"Indeed" he resumed when he observed my confusion "we shall be happy to do justice to the confidence which your ladyship reposes in us!"

She begged us to be seated, addressing us in the following manner: "My Lord, I trust your noble pupil has no secrets from you, and of course will have informed you of what has happened in my house three days ago." My tutor affirmed it. "Give me now leave to disclose to you the consequences of that incident: the trance of rapture to which the promise of the *Unknown* gave rise, and which (turning to me) continued while it was nurtured by the pleasure which your presence afforded me, that happy trance dissolved in more moderate sensations as soon as I was left to myself. However, my heart was still elated with a secret unspeakably sweet satisfaction, by the idea of meeting again my dear deceased lord. But this unclouded serenity of mind was, alas! of a very short duration. I began, by degrees, to reflect seriously on what I had done, and the more I reflected, the more the sweet sensations of my heart were melting away, and gave room to a most distressing uneasiness which increased every moment.

The desire of seeing once more my dear ever-beloved lord, which till then I had considered as innocent and just, appeared now to me very culpable and wicked, and I wished most ardently the *Unknown* had not granted my prayer. My conscience tormented me with most painful reproaches, and my fancy haunted me by day and night with dreadful phantoms. My heart was assailed by the most distressing uneasiness, and I trembled to see the man whom but lately I wished to see once more. The promise of the *Unknown*, which at first thrilled me with unutterable rapture, fills now my soul with horror, and I dread the approach of night with the

"agony of a hapless culprit who is led to the place of execution. Grisly phantoms harass my soul, and my perturbed mind divines a thousand horrid thoughts. O my Lords! spare me the painful task to describe the desponding state of my poor heart, which as yet has been so much the more excruciating, because I have had no body to whom I could unbosom myself. I have not one confidential soul in this lonely solitude. No one but yourself is acquainted with the incident which has plunged me in that state of horror, and none but you is privy to the secret source of my melancholy, which I am so little able to conceal, that all my domestics have noticed it with surprise."

Here she paused a moment, and then resumed:

"Now you know every thing. Assist me with your friendly advice. My heart is dreadfully agitated, and my strength dwindled away. In your sagacity, in your courage, I take my last refuge. Alas! I do not know how to act, if you should refuse me your kind assistance."

"My lady," my tutor replied, after a short silence, "will you be so kind to answer me a few questions?"

"Ask whatever you will; only advise me what I shall do, and silence the dreadful storm which rages within my heart."

"Have you seen the unknown for the first time three days ago?"

"I have."

"Have you never heard any thing of him?"

"Never, in my whole life."

"You have desired him to let you see the ghost of your departed Lord, and of course must have confided in his power to grant you your prayer. What reason had you to do so?"

"The extraordinary and wonderful things your noble pupil related of him, the ease with which he tore asunder the cords he was bound with, and his disappearance in a room from which it was impossible to escape, have raised that confidence in my soul. The extraordinary things I have heard and seen, could not but make me fancy, that he must be a being who can command the secret powers of nature, and this idea prompted me to beseech him to grant me a meeting with my departed Lord."

"And why did you desire that meeting? what reason had you to wish to see the deceased once more?"

"He had been torn from my fond bosom in a most shocking manner: has been assassinated in a foreign country; and I wished to see him once more, in order to bid him a last adieu."

"Love then has prompted you to desire the apparition, a love which could not be shaken by death itself and a separation of two years? And what reason have you to apprehend your Lord will be offended at your fondness for him?"

"To disturb his rest, to interrupt his happiness beyond the grave—this idea tortures my afflicted heart."

My tutor endeavoured to combat this apprehension, and his efforts seemed not to be without success. Some faint rays of returning serenity soon appeared in her countenance, which had been overspread with a melancholy gloom, which encouraged him to summon all his

eloquence in order to dispel entirely the clouds of sadness still overdarkening her angelic face.

He was so happy as to attain his aim. Her eyes, which had been deprived of their usual brilliancy, began to be animated again; her cheeks, covered with deadly paleness, recovered their rosy hue; and that enchanting dimpled smile, which always had powerfully charmed my soul, adorned her crimsoning lips, but a few minutes before the seat of gloomy melancholy; every trace of sadness vanished from her brow, and the cheerful dawn of hilarity re-appeared on her lovely face, smoothing every wrinkle of inward sorrow. I read the triumph of my tutor in his sparkling eyes, and began to direct the conversation to subjects more pleasing, and more conducive to cheerful ideas. He comprehended my hint, and supported me with all his power. The Countess seemed to have entirely forgotten the apparition, and took a lively share in our conversation. Our discourse became more animated at table; my tutor displayed an inexhaustible fund of pleasing anecdotes and witty sallies, and our charming hostess was in an enchanting humour.

How quick is the transition from one extreme to the other! said I to myself, when I compared the present situation of the Countess with that in which we had found her on our arrival. Five hours of pleasure fled on wings of hilarity before we rose from table, which had been served with extraordinary splendour and taste.

After dinner she proposed a walk in the garden. On our way thither we came through an apartment where I observed a picture which engaged my whole attention. I stopped to look at it. "How do you like that picture?" our hostess enquired after a silent pause, heaving a deep sigh. "It is a very interesting physiognomy!" said I, in which I was joined by my tutor. "I am rejoiced that the portrait of my fainted Lord is honoured with your applause." At the same instant her countenance grew gloomy and serious, which reminded us that it would be prudent to leave the room, and we hastened to the garden.

"I find on mature consideration," the Countess began after some turns in the garden, "that I shall not be able to stand the sight of the apparition, if not supported by a friend. (Here my tutor gave me a wink.) You have indeed set my conscience at rest in that respect; you have convinced me that my fear is unfounded, and that I have nothing to apprehend from the anger of my Lord; however, I fear such an awful scene will overpower me too much, and that I should not be able to avail myself of the assistance of your arguments; I foresee that female weakness will utterly destroy the beneficial effect of your convincing reasoning, and that so unnatural a sight will be too much for me." "My Lords!" she then added, in an accent which no feeling man can resist, "since you have already obliged me so much, would you grant me one prayer more?"

"We are at your command my lady!"

"Would you be so obliging as to be present at that awful spectacle?"

My tutor protested he was very sorry to have ordered the coach at six o'clock.

"Oh! if that is all, I will send one of my servants to order your coachman to come to-morrow morning."

"But, my lady, would it not give rise to disagreeable reflections among your domestics, if we were to stay all night?"

"Leave that to me---I will make them believe that your pupil is a near relation of mine, which will remove every shadow of suspicion."

My tutor was too much the gentleman, to refuse any thing in his power to a beautiful lady, and we consented to stay.

Joy sparkled in her charming eyes, and every look of hers bespoke the lively gratitude of her heart. "Come! I will shew you my favourite spot!" she said, and led us to a bower, the sight of which evidently bespoke its owner's melancholy turn of mind and taste. "This is the solitary asylum where my mind is wont to wander through the mazy labyrinths of serious meditations, where I can indulge the sweet delusions of fancy, and give vent to my feelings, where the sufferings and joys of my earlier years visit me, and the scenes of my past life afford me a spectacle so entertaining and so pleasing, that I almost live entirely in this place."

"Can so young a lady (I interrupted her) have indeed experienced so many freaks of fortune?"

"O, my lords, my life is so eventful, and my adventures are so strange and wonderful, that those to whom I should relate them would fancy they heard a nursery-tale."

"Who could think so if you should relate them?"

"If you will promise me not to betray my secrets" (she resumed after some reflection) "I will give you a sketch of my life, and I flatter myself that my tale will at least not seem tedious to you."

We promised it, and she began after we had seated ourselves:

"I was born in a provincial town of France. My parents are rich, and of ancient nobility. My mother hated me in the same degree in which my father loved me, and all my endeavours to gain her love proved abortive. My father did every thing in his power to unroot this unnatural hatred from her bosom, at least to check its barbarous effects, but in vain; her hatred increased with every reproach which my father loaded her with on that score, and she teased, shamed, and humiliated me, whenever she could find an opportunity, and even beat me frequently. I bore her cruel treatment with a submission and patience which my father secretly admired; however, he observed at the same time with inward grief, how my sufferings increased every day, the more I strove to conceal them. My strength dwindled away, sapped by the hand of silent grief, and the roses of youth withered on my cheeks."

"One evening when my mother and brother were gone out, he sent for me to his study. The affecting scene which then ensued is still present to my recollection. He was sitting at his writing-desk, when I entered the room, and rose to press me to his affectionate

"heart. 'Come to the bosom of a loving father,' he said, 'and let me speak comfort to thy suffering mind. The anticipation of the pleasure to spend with you our common birth-day, (I was then thirteen and my father fifty-three years old) has filled my heart with secret joy for some time. I will not deprive you and myself any longer of the consolation to disclose to you the feelings of a father's heart. Poor girl!' taking my hands in his, and looking tenderly at me, 'you are much in want of that poor consolation.' 'O! my father!' groaned I, while tears of grief and filial affection bedewed my cheeks. 'I know what you have suffered,' he resumed, 'and still are suffering.

"'God knows it is not my fault. I have oftentimes attempted to put a stop to your affliction, but alas! all my labour has been lost. Thou art not alone unhappy, my dear child, thy father whose joyless heart feels for thee, suffers too. I should be less miserable if thou wert not so dear to my heart; for why should I conceal it from thee, that thou art the darling of my life? yes, my child, here where no human witness, where the all-seeing God only hears, us, I confess to thee, that thou art the most precious jewel, my pride, my hope, and--every thing.' I kissed his reverend hand with unspeakable emotion.

"'My constitution is much impaired,' he continued after a long pause 'and I am fifty-three years old. I feel, my darling, that I shall not live much longer, and therefore, have made my will.' I prostrated myself to his feet: 'Not a word more my dear affectionate father, if you love your child. The idea of your death rends my heart asunder. O! God! if your pre-sentiment should prove true, how miserable should then your poor forsaken daughter be; this would make me really wretched! While you are living, and share my secret sorrows, I cannot be entirely miserable.' 'My dear child,' my father resumed, 'death is our common lot, and sooner or later I must pay the debt of nature. This life is nothing but a pilgrimage to our eternal abode. Thou hast as yet enjoyed very few cheerful hours; it shall not be so any longer. I am a rich man. Thy mother and brother have done very little to deserve my affection. The latter is a malicious, proud, and licentious boy, and thy mother--alas! thou dost not know the nameless injury and grief she has caused me. They have very little claim to my fortune, and shall be made sensible of it. But thou, my daughter, to whom as yet, I could prove so little the whole extent of my affection, shall experience one time, that thou art the darling of my heart, the sole object that renders life still desirable to a wretched man.' He pressed me tenderly to his heaving heart, while he pronounced these words. My tears mingled with his. He then gave me some pious instructions which have made so deep an impression on my mind, that I shall never forget them. I left his study, moved to the soul.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Capt. DANIEL TINGLEY, to Miss ELIZA SACKET, daughter of Doct. Sacket, of this city.

Same evening at Jamaica, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Fautoute, Mr. WILLIAM BLEECKER, of this city, to Miss ELIZABETH ROBINSON, daughter of Col. Joseph Robinson of that place.

DIED.

On Tuesday, the 5th instant, at his house in Norwich, His Excellency SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, Governor of the state of Connecticut. The general, uniform and undiminished confidence of his fellow citizens and countrymen for a series of years, are the most incontestible witnesses of his importance and usefulness in society. His integrity as a patriot---his unvarying rectitude and abilities as a statesman---and his social qualities, as the husband, the friend, and the man, render his death a source of regret to all who knew him.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 10th to the 16th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		8	1	6
Jan. 10	30	34	50	35	W. N. W.	Clear light wind.	do.
11	34	34	36	36	E. do. do.	cloudy, snow, rain.	
12	41	47	50	43	SW. W. do.	clear, do. do.	
13	33	75	41	38	W. N.	clear lt. wind, calm.	
14	39	41	39	39	NE. do.	cloudy, rain, do. do.	
15	38	50	46	45	S. do. do.	foggy, clear, calm.	
16	39	50	39	45	E. NW.	rain, cloudy. do. do.	

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

LET others praise the brilliant eye,
The damask cheek and ruby lip,
The honey'd source with raptures spy,
And call e'en bees to come and sip.
Be mine the nymph whose polish'd mind,
Sweet affability displays,
Whose soul by virtuous love refin'd,
Is form'd to bless my future days.

WHIZ.

NEW-YORK, January 16, 1796.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

On an ASSEMBLY of PEOPLE called QUAKERS,
At a week day meeting.

Written extempore by a dissipated young man who happened to be there.

FRIEND in each virtue, moral and divine,
See in the decent croud what native beauty shine;
No air unseemly, no indecent nod,
Their hearts in heav'n, their thoughts are fixt on God;
Whose modest garb their tenets well express,
That true religion wears no tinsel dress;
Distinguish'd only but by real good,
By those abandoned and by those pursu'd;
Meek unadorn'd by every merit joined,
Lodged in the soul and treasur'd in the mind.

MALAM.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

To the Memory of JOHN BLEECKER, Esq. who fell a victim to the late
Epidemic.

"MOST EXCELLENT WAS HE."

Della Crusca.

GONE is the sigh—the breast no longer beats;
The struggle of the chilling frame is past;
From the full heart the last faint throb retreats,
"The weary wheels of life stand still at last."

No more shall pity ope thy ready hand,
Or call the big tear from thy generous eye;
No more shalt thou the bed of death attend,
Nor aid the parting spirit to the sky.

No more shall freedom call thee from thy home,
To aid her votaries in the ardent fight,
O'er boisterous lakes, and pathless wilds to roam,
Scorch'd by day's beams, or drench'd in damps at night.

No—for thy task is done—the Lord thy God,
Who lent thee to the world a little while,
On thee hath laid his last afflictive rod,
And thou art gone to enjoy his endless smile.

Oh thou wert all religion could admire—
Nature to thee a double portion gave;
And though extinguish'd be the vital fire,
Yet shall thy virtues live beyond the grave.

And tho' no more thine orbs their lustre shed—
Though every careful thought be sunk to rest,
Yet memory's eye is clear—and ev'ry deed
Is deep engraven on her faithful breast.

How oft hath humid morning's ruby ray
Met thine ORATIONS in their pious flight?
And oh! how often on their holy way
Have thy pure PRAISES crost the glooms of night!

Patience, sincerity, and love were thine,
And all that glads the soul and makes the man;
Form so august, and aspect so benign,
Nature created on a fav'rite plan.

Oh I would love thy virtues to rehearse,
To tell how bright they were, how truly fair,
But wherefore spend in praise the mournful verse,
Ah me! the silent dead no longer hear.

No footstep sound can reach the insensate clay;
No voice of love affect the pausing heart;
Mute is the voice, and senseless is the lay
To him whom lawless death hath bid "depart."

Yet let mortality's vain sons draw near,
Oh let them learn a lesson from thy fate,
That though in life thou to the world wast dear:
And wisdom in thy sphere pronounc'd thee great;

Yet let them learn, that fell CONTAGION'S sweep,
Levell'd thee with the tenants of the sod;
Nor might thy Children on thy cold breast weep
When thy pure soul ascended to its GOD.

Thou had'st no Funeral rites!—Through the still gloom
Of midnight thou wast hastily convey'd;
Nor Friend nor Kinsman followed to the tomb;
To the sad residence of the quiet dead!!

Oh POWER SUPREME, Creation's pitying LORD,
Us in thy mercy *Resignation* send;
And let us find thee (faithful in thy word)
The Orphan's parent, and the Widow's friend.

ANNA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

SOLUTION,

To the RÆBUS in the Magazine of January 13.

MANY years have elaps'd since men did arise,
To build Babel's tow'r to reach 'bove the skies;
When justly to punish presumption so strong,
The Lord sent among them confusion of tongues.

Eurydice was kept as historians do tell—
By Pluto and Cerberus chain'd down in hell;
'Till Orpheus charm'd them into a swoon,
And gain'd her her freedom by harping a tune.

'Twas Rachel who mourn'd her lot so severe,
In losing the babes that to her were most dear;
Incessantly weeping—no comfort she knew;
Her infants returned no more to her view:

By Ravens Elijah was fed ev'ry day,
While he in a desert or wilderness lay;
This wonder was wrought by th' Almighty hand,
Which caus'd his praise to be sung thro' the land.

That country far off, where the huge vessel lies,
Returning from thence with the richest supplies;
And from which all that luxury craves is obtain'd
With justice may surely the Indies be nam'd.

That bread which a nation for many years gain'd,
By special command down from Heaven was rain'd;
For God to shew man how extensive his pow'r,
Sent Manna on earth ev'ry night in a show'r.

That place where the Heathens expect all to find
A happy retreat, by most authors is stil'd;
Elysian those fields so luxuriantly green,
O'er which ne'er the dull clouds of sorrow is seen.

And now to conclude my attempt at Solution,
By naming a tyrant from the Roman nation;
From 'mongst them I'll single out Nero and then,
The name of the Lady is Miss—BERRINEN.

T. R.

New-York, January 15, 1796.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED BY JOHN BULL, No. 115, CHERRY-STREET, where every Kind of Printing Work is
executed with the utmost Accuracy, Elegance and Dispatch.—SUBSCRIPTIONS for this MAGAZINE (at 25. per month)
are taken in at the Printing-Office, and by E. MITCHELL, Bookseller, No. 9, Maiden-Lane.